

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI, NO. 1989

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1901.

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Is what you get when you buy a suit or overcoat here. Great stocks of choice garments to select from. Nothing here but what we guarantee; and we guarantee only that which we know is right.

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Now is the time to buy HARNESES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

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WANTED—Hustling young man to make \$50 per month and expenses. Permanent position. Experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars. CLARK & CO., 4th and Locust streets, Philadelphia.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny capsules are superior to Balsam of Capivi. Cures in 48 hours the same diseases without inconvenience. Sold by all Druggists.

Buy Now!

We just received a new lot of
Saddles of all descriptions, Milk Wags, Sleds, Steam Laundry Wagons, Stomach Wagons and Stomach Carriages.

Use a large line of New and Second-Hand Harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you do not want to buy.

THOMAS McCUE.

Stone Stable, -- Fleet Street

PENNYROYAL PILLS

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PILLS
These tiny capsules are superior to Balsam of Capivi. Cures in 48 hours the same diseases without inconvenience. Sold by all Druggists.

AT IT AGAIN

The Hatchet Brigade Makes Early Morning Call.

Demolish's One Of The First Saloons In Topeka.

Police Interfere And Place The Joint Smashers Under Arrest.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, Feb. 5.—Accompanied by nine members of the "hatchet brigade," Mrs. Carrie Nation this morning made kindling wood of the Senate saloon, which is much frequented by members of the legislature. She also attempted to enter Klauer's place, but was disarmed and arrested. Mrs. Nation was slightly injured. When the hatchet brigade swooped down on the "Senate" at six o'clock the guards were all in bed, only a porter being on the watch. Seeing the character of the mob he grabbed a revolver from beneath the bar and fired two shots at Mrs. Nation, who was not more than ten feet away. He missed her, which was entirely owing to the terror he was in. The brigade then started for the second saloon. In a scuffle with the proprietor Mrs. Nation was struck in the face with the flat side of her hatchet. A squad of police appeared and arrested all who were implicated in the wrecking. They charged malicious destruction of property. The trial was set for nine o'clock Thursday morning.

IN CONGRESS.

The House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—The house today continued the discussion of the controverted question in regard to the postoffice appropriation bill.

The Senate.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—In the senate today the credentials of Senator-elect Burnham of New Hampshire were presented by Chandler. Teller called up his resolutions calling for information from the secretary of war as to the reason for the deposition of George T. Rice, editor of the Daily Bulletin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM LEAVES ENGLAND.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—Emperor William returned on board the imperial yacht Hohenzollern at Port Victoria today, on his way home, after receiving from London crowd demonstrations expressive of their appreciation of his prolonged visit to England. Unmistakable evidence of the place he has won in the hearts of the English people was seen in the affection in which he was bidden farewell by King Edward and others of the royal family. The Hohenzollern sailed from Port Victoria at 5:25 p. m.

KING EDWARD ALL RIGHT.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—Prof. Sir Felix Searson, physician for diseases of the throat at the national hospital for epilepsy and paralysis, asks the Associated Press to say that there is positively no word of truth in the story published in the United States that King Edward is suffering from a cancer of the throat.

YOUTSEY SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

GEORGETOWN, KEN., Feb. 5.—Henry E. Yousey, stenographer to Gov. Taylor during his incumbency and who was tried as one of the principals in the shooting of Gov. Goebel and found guilty, was this afternoon sentenced to imprisonment for life.

TO RELINQUISH OFFICE.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—King Edward has decided to relinquish the office of grand master of Free Masons. The Duke of Connaught will be installed in his stead.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—Forecast for New England: Fair Wednesday and Thursday, diminishing northwesterly winds.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Heavy British Casualties.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The war office has issued a very heavy South African casualty list, showing in addition to thirteen killed and seventy-seven wounded in action, eighty-two deaths from disease during the present month. Last month, thirty-one officers and eight hundred non-commissioned officers and men were killed in action and died from disease.

The Active Boers.

CAPE TOWN, Feb. 5.—The Boers captured two hundred British when they rushed Middelfontein Jan. 30th. The prisoners were subsequently released. Thirty British soldiers were killed or wounded.

Annexing Cape Colony.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—A special despatch from Cape Town says that General De Wet intends annexing various parts of Cape Colony and then commandeer their supplies.

THE CHINESE ISSUE.

To Present Apologies.

SHINGHAI, Feb. 5.—A despatch from Peking says that Prince Chun has started for Germany to present the apologies of the Chinese for the murder of Baron Von Kettler.

Will Carry Out Demands Of Powers

PEKIN, Feb. 5.—The Chinese plenipotentiaries, Prince Ching and Li Hong Chang, had a protracted meeting this morning with the "foreign" envoys. Twelve names of prominent Chinese officials were submitted, with the request that China keep faith with the powers and punish persons named commensurately with offenses. The Chinese plenipotentiaries replied that China's earnest hope was to carry out fully the demands of the powers and that she felt sure that the punishment to be inflicted would be satisfactory.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE WOULD HELP.

CONCORD, Feb. 5.—President Tucker of Dartmouth college was here today and denied the statement published this afternoon that Dartmouth college would educate free a number of Filipino students. "As to educating Filipinos," Dr. Tucker says, "that is a proposition that has not been made as yet. If it were I think we would no doubt take a number and help them in the way of tuition and room rent."

QUEEN OF SWEDEN HAS THROAT TROUBLE.

LONDON, Feb. 5.—The queen of Sweden and Norway is suffering from a dangerous affected throat, according to the Copenhagen correspondent of the Daily Telegraph. Her condition is serious.

FOR FISH AND GAME COMMISSIONER.

The members of the Portsmouth Sportsmen's association are very much interested in the appointment of a fish and game commissioner for this section of the state, and are working hard to secure for W. E. Storer, president of the club, the position. Several petitions have been started, and are being signed by many citizens in his support and the prospects are excellent for his securing the position.

The Stimulus of Pure Blood

That is what is required by every organ of the body, for the proper performance of its functions.

It prevents biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney complaint, rheumatism, catarrh, nervousness, weakness, faintness, pimples, blotches, and all cutaneous eruptions.

It perfects all the vital processes.

W. P. Keeton, Woodstock, Ala., took Hood's Sarsaparilla to make his blood pure. He writes that he had not felt well but tired for some time. Before he had finished the first bottle of this medicine he felt better and when he had taken the second was like another man—free from that tired feeling and able to do his work.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. Accept no substitute, but get Hood's today.

TRIAL BEGAN.

Edwin H. Knight Answers To Charge Of Murder.

A Panel Made Up After Thirty-Five Had Been Examined.

State Outlines Its Case At The Afternoon Session.

The trial of Edwin H. Knight of South Berwick for the murder of Fannie Sprague the first day of last May was begun at the Saco court room on Tuesday morning, Judge Powers presiding.

Attorney General George M. Seiders of Portland and County Attorney W. S. Mathews of Berwick appeared for the state and Geo. C. Yeaton and C. D. Varney of South Berwick and County Attorney Frank M. Higgins of Limerick for the defendant.

The court was slow about opening. It was ten o'clock instead of 9:30 before Judge Powers came in, but five minutes before that the defendant was brought in the back entrance by Deputy Sheriff York. The prisoner is a clean, bright looking man, and wore a suit of dark blue mixture. To the indictment he pleaded in a low, but distinct voice, "Not guilty."

After examining thirty-five jurors, a panel of twelve men were secured. They are: Elmer F. Thing, Shapleigh; Lester B. Chadbourne, Sanford; Herbert F. Smith, Dayton; Isaacar W. Jellison, Saco; Henry P. Atkinson, Biddeford; Henry L. Meserve, Limerick; John Murph, Dayton; Benjamin Crossland, Sanford; John L. Goodale, Saco; John D. Weymouth, Sanford; Brackett T. Lord, Parsonfield; Roscoe G. Pease, Cornish, appointed by the court, foreman.

County Attorney Mathews began his opening for the state as soon as court convened in the afternoon. He closed at three o'clock, when Engineer Roland Libby, the first witness, was called.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

An unusually large crowd greeted the Uncle Tom's Cabin company at Music hall on Tuesday evening and those present had the satisfaction of witnessing one of the most elaborate productions of this famous play that there is on the road. It proved to be one of the largest organizations of white and colored people ever gathered together in one combination. A clever lot of colored people add materially to the production by a number of clever specialties.

NAVAL VESSELS' MOVEMENTS.

The South Atlantic squadron leaves Montevideo for Puerto del Grano and Bahia Blasco, Argentina.

The battleship Kentucky arrived on Monday, at Cavite, P. I., the end of her journey from the United States. She sailed from New York Oct. 25th.

The Vicksburg res. had Cavite Saturday.

Admiral Remy, on his flagship, the Brooklyn, arrived at Hong Kong on Monday.

The Nan Shan has arrived at Nagasaki. The training ship Prairie arrived at Baltimore on Monday, where she will discharge cargo, a part of the American exhibit at the Paris exposition, and then proceed to the Boston yard to go out of commission.

The torpedo boat Foote has left New London for New York.

The Leonidas has left Pensacola for Lambert's point.

WILL RETIRE ON FEBRUARY TWENTY-FIFTH.

Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., will retire from the head of the construction and repair department of the navy on the 25th of the present month. He will leave about that time on a trip to Florida with his family and all extend him a hearty wish for a pleasant journey.

NOTICE.

Globe voting contest closes Feb. 14th. All that have votes for Harry E. Marton please leave at 23 Market street or send to P. O. box 712, Portsmouth, N. H.

SENATORS ATTACK SECRETARY.

They Answer the Letter of Mr. Long and a Debate Follows in the Senate.

The letter of Secretary Long to Senator Morgan, in which the secretary accuses that the officers and men of the navy will disorganized themselves in the Santiago campaign of the Spanish war, was the occasion of a spirited debate in the senate Monday afternoon.

Senator Chandler offered a resolution, when was agreed to, in effect calling up the secretary of the navy to inform the senate as to the present rank and standing of these officers in the naval list.

Sensors Chandler, Hale and Teller severely criticized the secretary's letter and considered its publication most unfortunate. They all refrained from any personal criticism of Secretary Long, taking special pains to praise his fairness and conservatism. There must be some mistake about the publication of the letter, they said.

During the debate the Sampson-Schley controversy was in imminent danger of breaking out. Senator Bacon asked Senator Chandler whether if Carver's ships had destroyed the American fleet at Santiago, or had escaped, the responsibility would not have been placed upon Admiral Schley.

Sensor Hale instantly gave notice that if Mr. Chandler answered Mr. Bacon's question, thereby reopening the Sampson-Schley controversy, he would object to the continuance of the debate, which was proceeding by unanimous consent.

This practically ended the debate and the senate soon proceeded with its routine business.

A FINE EXHIBITION OF POOL PLAYING.

Without doubt the finest exhibitions of pool playing ever seen in this city took place in Mow and Robbins pool parlors in Franklin block on Tuesday evening. It was an exhibition game between Alfred DeOro, champion of the world and Charles Stubbs, the Canadian champion. A large crowd of clubmen and pool enthusiasts were present and enjoyed the treat. Both men made a number of most wonderful shots and although playing on a strange table made several extraordinary runs. The final score was 150 to 148 in favor of DeOro which goes to show that the Canadian champion is a pretty good man. There will be another exhibition game tonight, following which DeOro will give a number of fancy trick shots.

JUSTICE TO NAVAL OFFICERS.

Senator Chandler offered a resolution in the senate on Monday directing the secretary of the navy to send to the senate the names of all officers of Admiral Sampson's fleet in Cuban waters who were nominated by the president for advancement and promotion by numbers in the fifty fifth congress. He said that congress has expired without action on these nominations, and that they were never renewed by the president, although the secretary of the navy, in a communication to Senator Morgan, seemed to cast the responsibility of non action on the senate.

BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY ARRIVES AT MANILA.

The battleship Kentucky and the gunboat Vicksburg, which were sent from this country to reinforce Rear Admiral Remy's fleet just after the American troops were withdrawn from China, have arrived at Cavite. The Kentucky arrived on Monday and the Vicksburg on Saturday. The arrival of the Kentucky will permit the Oregon to return to the United States. She will go to Mare Island or Puget Sound for repairs. Admiral Remy's flagship, the armored cruiser Brooklyn, has arrived at Hong Kong.

BROWN AND DARTMOUTH TO MEET IN DEBATE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 5.—It is fully decided that Brown and Dartmouth will meet in debate sometime in April. Dartmouth will come to Providence this year.

TO BE A CARDINAL.

PARIS, Feb. 5.—The Rome's correspondent to the Tempo says that a letter from the Vatican has been posted to Archbishop Mortinelli, the apostolic delegate to the United States notifying him that he will be created a cardinal.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

A Remedy Which Has Revolutionized the Treatment of Stomach Troubles.

The remedy is not heralded as a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, as heretofore claimed to cure everything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles with which nine out of ten suffer.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant tasting tablets or lozenges, containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aspeptic (government test,) golden rule and diastase. The tablets are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Many interesting experiments to test the digestive power of Stuart's Tablets show that one grain of the active principle contained in them is sufficient to thoroughly digest 3000 grains of raw meat, eggs and other wholesome food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like after dinner pills and cheap cathartics, which simply irritate and inflame the intestines without having any effect whatever in digesting food or curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret, if there is any secret, of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, a remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most widely known of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive pure and simple because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely on the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue. They cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power which weak stomachs lack and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to cure by use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics, which have absolutely no digestive power.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found at all drug stores and the regular use of one or two of them after meals, will demonstrate their merit better than any other argument.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Damon Lodge, K. of P., Fittingly Celebrate the Occasion.

Tuesday evening occurred the thirtieth anniversary of Damon Lodge, No. 9 Knights of Pythias, and exercises appropriate to the occasion were held in Philbrick hall. Nearly every invitation had been accepted and the hall was well filled with the knights and their lady friends when the time came for the exercises to begin.

A short entertainment was the first thing on the programme and a very pleasant hour was enjoyed. The P. A. C. quartette rendered several selections, then there were readings by Miss Frothingham, dancing by Miss Marion Brown and instrumental music by members of the orchestra.

Following the entertainment refreshments were served, Reich catering and serving ices, cakes, etc. Then the floor was cleared and dancing was indulged in until a late hour. Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnishing the music. For those who did not care to dance the lodge room was thrown open, where they could play whist and other games without being disturbed by the jolly crowd on the dance floor. It was a most enjoyable occasion and the members are to be congratulated on their thirtieth anniversary.

NAVAL ORDERS.

These naval orders have been issued: Chaplain D. H. Tribon from the Boston yard to the New York.

Assistant Surgeon M. V. Stone, from the Isla de Luzon to the Buffalo.

Assistant Surgeon W. B. Grove, from the Vermont to the Naval hospital, New York yard.

Surgeon A. M. D. McCormick, from the Naval hospital, Norfolk yard, to Naval academy.

Assistant Surgeon W. H. Bucher, from the Naval hospital, New York yard, to the Naval hospital, Norfolk yard.

Passed Assistant Surgeon R. Spear, from the Buffalo on arrival at Cavite, to duty as relief of Assistant Surgeon Stone.

The Herald has all the latest news.

THE "BUNS" WERE SULLY.

THE MONARCH OF THE PLAINS IS SURROUNDED BY HIS VARY ENEMIES—A SPECTACLE AS EXCITING AS THE SPORTS OF THE OLD ROMAN ARENA.

Take your stand here on this bluff, and a can look down upon a spectacle of excitement anything offered in the days of olden days. Here the monarch of the plains is surrounded by his vary enemies—A spectacle as exciting as the sports of the old Roman arena.

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A JOKE ON THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR WHO MIXED UP HIS DASHES.

The episode of the telegraph operator whose name was Roth, but which cognomen, owing to a loss of telegraphic dot from the letter "b," was turned into "Roth," caused a running of memory among some of the old men of the city and a wonder. One of the old men who had a somewhat similar experience, only that the trouble in this instance rose out of dashes rather than dots.

"I was working in a yard office on the Baltimore and Ohio," he said, "and one night received a message for the yardmaster which read, as I copied it, 'Look out for two buns in car 85, 531, C. N. and D. and give them proper treatment.' The message was signed by the division superintendent, at the other end of the line, and we naturally supposed that the conductor had complained by wire of the tramps and the order from headquarters meant that we were to yank the interlopers out, but then half to death and throw them into jail. Tramps had been giving a great deal of trouble lately.

"Well, the train rolled in about midnight. We had the crew of a switching engine, the yard watchmen, two constables and the car inspector, along with the yardmaster and myself, lined up to receive the unwelcome passengers. It was dark and foggy, and the lanterns gave scarcely any light, so that we had to do some reconnoitering to find the car. As we went along, I noticed two loons on a small lake close by, and after satisfying a rather extensive appetite I took a 12 bore shotgun and a few wired S. S. C. cartridges and proceeded to the lakeside. A glance showed me that there was not sufficient cover to warrant hope of a successful shot. After crying two without result and on rising to go back to camp I was met by five or six men from a grading gang, also camped there, who asked me if I desired to get the loons. I replied that if the cover was good I could get probably one, but, as it was, I had no hope of doing so. One of them—

"Come on, out of there! We've got you surrounded, and you can't get away!" "The only reply was a contemptuous sniff and the sound of movement within the car. We could not see past our own lamps, so the yardmaster and the foreman of the switching crew decided to climb in from the trap opening in the roof, not wishing to break the seal on the door. The yardmaster went in first. He had a lantern, a link and a pick handle in his hands, and as soon as he got in he called to the buns to surrender or he would beat their heads off. Instead they appeared for him, and he could only judge by ear—look to the rear end of the car.

"Come on, Jake!" yelled the yardmaster. "We've got to make a fight of it!" So he threw the link in the direction of the noise. "Then came the most unearthly sound I ever heard. It was like a maul and a roar, and I was certain the yardmaster had killed one of them; but suddenly another yell, this time from him, showed that there was life in the enemy yet.

"Ow! I'm murdered!" howled the yardmaster. He had been crashed against the side of the car like a tin toy. Falling, he was swept and rolled in the sawdust bedding, but his lantern was knocked from his hand and fell, broken into fragments. The foreman was found by some thing mysterious and powerful and wallowed in the muck. We outside knew the fight must be a fearful one, for the planks of the car creaked and groaned as the struggles bore against them.

"I'll shoot!" called the watchman. "Don't!" howled the yardmaster. "You'll kill us. These tramps are giants, and they're deaf and dumb. Ow! this time from near the roof. 'I'm being killed. I'm getting out of this!' And the next we heard of him he was on top of the car, where the switchman had already preceded him.

"At this moment we heard a strange noise in the midst of us: 'Who's going to water and feed those two buns? I understood you'd be ready to take care of 'em here.' It was the conductor. He had just come up and didn't know what was happening.

"Well, that was what was in the car—two buns. You know the telegraphic letter 'm' is two dashes, while the telegraphic letter 'n' is one dash and a dot. The double 'm' is a sort of amplified 'm.' And because the division superintendent had yanked us to take care of these two buns a pair of good railroad men had been nearly killed."—Chicago Record.

How to Read English Literature. The first thing to do in the study of English literature, says Professor Mark H. Hall in The Atlantic, is to read it intently, to hear the very voice of it speaking to us directly and without impediment, to make its thought pass through our minds as it passed through the minds of those who created it, to make its thought a thought. There must be no half knowledge, no vague concepts. The words it should not convey fuzzy notions. If we are to know the full force of it, we must know that the words that the author uses were the only ones that he could have chosen. The turns of expression must not be happy ones, fitting the thoughts on a glove. It is the perfection of form it makes its literature and gives it a life to our attention.

THE JAPANESE HOME.

John Tiger, who writes of "The Little Japanese at Home" in St. Nicholas. The author says: The climate, of course, varies in different parts. Even in the mid-country the cold is intense in winter and the heat intense in summer, but both cold and heat are somewhat lessened by the surrounding ocean. To strangers it seems odd to see orange trees in sight with golden fruits and at the same time to see ice glittering in the morning sun, but this is one of the strange sights presented to the view.

In their dwellings shelter from the rain, shade from the sun and free circulation of air are mainly sought by the Japanese, who, as a rule, seem to be able to endure much cold. Even on winter days they are not so much concerned with the cold as we are, and in this respect they are a good example to their western brethren. Then, too, these houses must be such as will not be readily shaken to the ground in an earthquake, for Japan is a land of earthquakes.

For security against this danger the house is put together in a very simple way. All parts of the structure are held together, our author says, by a system of "dovetailing," neither nails nor screws being used in their production except for ornament. It is not made fast to the ground, but stands upon wooden legs, or columns, which are merely placed upon stones high enough to keep the ends of the eaves from touching the ground. The building moves to and fro and settles down again after the vibration has ceased. It is believed that most of the damage from earthquakes in Japanese cities has occurred with houses having tiled roofs, as the tiles are easily shaken loose and, being heavy, cause destruction in their fall. Buildings with roofs of wood or thatch generally escape damage.

It is thought that the use of tiled roofs arose from the dread of fire. Although many roofs are made of stone tiles, the majority are of wood, bamboo or thatch. Thatch is much used in the poorer villages, but even temples as well as dwellings have been known to be destroyed by fire. The ridge of the thatched roof is frequently planted, and when in bloom, its dark velvety purple blossoms and light green leaves give the house a picturesque appearance. Seen from a distance, the village looks as if there were little gardens on the tops of the houses.

Most dwellings are but one story high. When the roof and framework are made, it remains to arrange for the outside walls and the partitions of the rooms. Most foreigners regard the outside walls as huge windows, for they are mere light wooden latticework frames covered with a stiff, semitransparent paper. These frames slide to and fro, so that they can be taken out at pleasure, leaving the whole house open to the cool breezes. At night they are covered with awnings, or wooden shutters, which also slide in grooves along the edge of the veranda or a projection of the floor, and so shut in the house. In the daytime the shutters are pushed back so as to form ornamental side pieces. This kind of wall and window in one is another of the peculiarities of building in an earthquake land, where the use of glass would be dangerous and costly.

The rooms are made by means of sliding partitions of woven bamboo, or else of paper covered latticework similar to the outside walls, fitted into grooves in the ceiling and floor. The ceiling and the frames for outside and inside walls are of unvarnished wood, and all parts of the house are generally kept perfectly clean.

With all the wild, elfin and forbidding nature that belongs to the Sahara, it has also its elements of peace and good will. The cheer of a green oasis is indeed one of its first greetings, and long before the great flat expanse of sand is reached the traveler approaching from the north looks down upon an island of emerald verdure. The oasis of El Kantara, the "first oasis" of the desert on the great caravan route leading to Lake Tchad, backs up its sea of palms to the very walls of the great Atlas, and far into the gateway itself the scattered dates scatter themselves to meet the pilgrims from the north.

How different, then, is this first view of the Sahara from that which the mind had pictured to it. It is not the vastness of an early September day, with the sun monotonously rising from between 63 degrees to 93 degrees, that we approached this land of true Africa. The here and rugged rocks roll off from either side of us, to mingle with the almost endless wilderness of boulders which cover the mountain top, far off to the limits of vision. We pass caravans and parts of caravans, the swartly children of the south contentedly playing on passages with at least the interest with which we drink in their picturesque garbs, the complacently meditating camels, the trains of yelping Arab curs and children gallop. How different the two modes of travel, and what feelings must the contrast inspire within the minds of the two peoples of the desert lands!—Popular Science Monthly.

Poor Economy. The track superintendent of a western railway had recently adopted a new spike, which, comparatively speaking, was pretty expensive. He sent out word therefore that the spikes must be carefully looked after. One day the road boss was walking up the track to where a section gang was working with the new spikes. He found one lying between the rails and pocketed it.

"Did you get my instructions about those spikes, Mike?" he said to the section boss. "I did that, yer honor, and it's mighty careful I've been." "Lose any?" "Nary a wan," replied Mike, but a trifle hesitatingly. "How about this?" And the telltale spike was shown him. "Look at that, now!" said Mike in a doleful tone. "I should have lost a lot of 'em on a day for that same spike the last two days. Faith, it's glad I am yer honor found it."

The spike was worth about 4 cents.—Detroit Tribune.

THE BIG WHITE WOLF.

When Jim Jacobs Threw Up a Job as Guide—With Remembrance of the Mysterious Hunt—An Organized Hunt and the Queer Way in Which It Ended. Fifty years ago a family of Ontonagon, Indiana lived on the eastern prairie to give to Vermilion county. They were known as the "Jacobs," and the males were tall, powerful men and sturdy hunters, who followed game clear to the Canadian border. Jim, the youngest, was the best known.

In 1863 he was guiding a party of gentlemen from New York, among whom was the late Roscoe Conkling, through the wilds of Elk county. A camp was made at the headwaters of the Canadian and the party made preparations to hunt for the next day. Jacobs and his men were around the camp and came in late. He was more than usually silent and sullen. After a time passed in smoking he started the others by declaring that he intended leaving them at once and gave directions to find McCarty's trading post, three miles down the river, where another guide could be had. After some questioning as to his sudden resolution he explained that he had seen a big white wolf, and it was bad medicine for Indians, so, waiting up in his traps and calling his two dogs, he had appeared in the darkness of the night. The examining and waiting was found without any difficulty and the party happily received. They told their story, and McCarty, a man of 65, who had passed his life on the frontier, said: "So Jim sees the white wolf again. I've heard of the carcass 50 years ago, but never seen it, nor do I know of any white man who has, but I am not a doctor, for he didn't die of a fever, and all the Indians think it had luck."

Twenty miles east of McCarty's, on Beaver creek, lived Rush Kemble. He was a hunter and trapper, cultivating enough land to raise corn for the family. He had a small flock of sheep that he bred and raised, although bear and wolves were in the country. But his luck changed. The sheep began to disappear. He set traps, watched at night, while his son scoured around with his powerful bear dogs. It was no use; the sheep were taken. One day he found on the left hand on the bank of the creek a number of tracks, unmistakably wolf.

One day in September while he was absent from home his daughter Ruth was feeding their one pig. Suddenly she saw the chickens scurrying for the barn, which he held was an animal like an enormous dog, snout, covered with rough hair, and pure white in color. It had caught a chicken and was devouring it. Rush, who was in the house, rushed into the house. Catching up a rifle and calling the house dog, she crept around the cabin. The wolf caught another chicken. The dog was run and barked and barked. He rushed on the beast, while Ruth, resting the gun on one of the projecting legs of the cabin, took a long aim and fired. The wolf gave a leap in the air and came down plump on the dog. In an instant the beast had disappeared and poor Boston lay dead with his head half bitten off.

The next day Kemble and two others started out to hunt down the "white wolf." As a lure the forequarter of a deer had been hung in the woods a few miles away, and in the early morning they found this gone and on the slightly frozen snow were plainly seen the big tracks of the wolf. They had 12 fine dogs who hunted by scent, and all were confident that "Jim Jacobs' white wolf" would come to the lair.

The trail led northwest over a range of hills covered with larch, utterly sterile. The dogs ran freely, keeping the men well up to the collar. About midday they found pleasant footpaths on the trail—the wolf had snarled up one for lunch. Their game was heading for Baker's ranch. It was growing dark when they entered a wild ravine, one side faced with rocks, full of holes. Here they got to camp. At the foot of the ravine, where a creek of water, and it tried to get away, the dogs would give warning. A fire was built and each man divided his tent, and corn and deer with his dogs. It grew bitter cold, and very little sleep was gained. At daylight they began to scout around, and shortly a wild burst of trumpets from the pack showed they were running on sight.

"See, look on the top of you rock! Jacobs was right. It's white." Although there was no sun, it was perfectly clear, and there was the wolf seen through the thin winter air. The rock was bare, and the animal stood as if carved in stone—over three feet high at the shoulder. The dead deer was beside it, and the wolf, and the tail looking like an angry cat. One could see the huge jaws and the teeth flash.

"It's high 300 yards, but let him have it." Four rifles cracked, and the bullets sang, but the "white wolf" was gone. The yelling of the dogs was plainly heard. Excited and eager all hands charged the rocks. It was a hard climb. They reached the top, and the wolf was gone. Inside of an hour the dogs found the trail. The dogs seemed confident and ran at racing speed. The top of the ridge was covered with a scant growth of scruboak, and on the river side was sheer rock down 60 feet to the water. Right on a point of rocks that jutted out into the river the "white wolf" came to bay.

As a huge, giant animal covered with brilliant white hair, the red eyes glowed with fire, and for an instant he lost his head. The dogs were getting the worst of it, and he fired. A sudden flash, and he plainly saw the wolf disappear over the face of the cliff. All rushed to the spot. There was not a trace. At the foot of the cliff the river was open. "So splash was heard. For an hour they watched and then made a cry, but the dogs seemed indifferent and made no effort.

And this was the last of Jim Jacobs' "white wolf." It was never seen or heard of again in northwestern Pennsylvania. There were stories, but they were silenced by the fate of the hunters. Not one died a natural death nor long after, and Jim Jacobs escaped the many perils of the wild, and he is seen to be crushed to death on the Erie railway in 1895.—Philadelphia Times.

THE BIG WHITE WOLF.

SACRED TO THE INDIANS, BUT A HOODOO TO PALEFACES. Recently a gentleman who is fond of attributing the name of his mind that he would find out how much of a hoodoo he was, and he asked a local Indian how much of a hoodoo he was. He was told 15 cents.

He contradicted this and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner: The pepper, he said, came from 10,000 miles away. It grew on a little bush about 8 feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green. It had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one shipload, 1,000 miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota. Some one owned the land and that meant the investing of capital, and the land had to be paid for to Washington. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant or machinery meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels and, of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine. Men had to be employed to catch the fish. Other men and women were employed in drying, packing and boxing it and, too, had to make a long railroad journey. The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York state. The spices in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labor. The little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of \$300,000,000 of capital and 5,600,000 men.—Chicago News.

THE KROOBOYS.

A Singular People and Their Queer Method of Face Decoration.

Between Cape Mesurado and Cape Palmas the Kroobos have their towns, the Little Kro, the Serra Kro, King Wilk's Town and the Great Kro. The last of the coast, the Kroobos for the last 200 years has been in intercourse with men from Europe and still remains a worshiper of gods which, in the latitudes of Aberdeen, of Sunderland, the Hartlepool and other regions where the true faith reigns are not accepted. A healthy pagan, tall, active, with muscles like a Hercules, head like a conic mass, speaking a sort of "pottu negro" or "Blackman English," a jargon, call it what you like, the ground work of it oaths; its feet tattooed on either temple with a triangle, from which a line of blue, which starts below his hair, runs down his nose, giving him when he smiles the appearance of a crooked fish.

The Kroobos ships for a cruise, and then, on its return to the five towns, returns to paganism, a merry misbehavior over whose life no shadow of the Galilean tragedy has passed and who therefore ships aboard an English ship in the firm expectation of returning home after a two years' cruise to invest his wages in the purchase of more wives, 200 years of missionary labor having as yet proved ineffectual to eradicate the natural polygamist tendencies which Providence, who one supposes acted after due consideration, seems to have planted in the fiber of all mankind except, of course, ourselves. Strong, tall, a crooked, antislave to the core and kind of halfheartedly "Jack Reed," "Sam, Cuffin" or "Winnal Fish," the Kroobos is a man apart, and for the test of moral worth our Christian navigators put a hale weighing two hundredweight upon his head, and if he carries it safe through the surf he is engaged.—Saturday Review.

Humor of British Elections.

Years ago when elections in England were contests in which bribery and intimidation were winked at voters who lived at a distance often found it difficult to get to the polls, whether they traveled by land or by water. A vessel carrying voters from London to Ipswich, only 70 miles distant, somehow lost its reckoning and did not discover it until Amsterdam was sighted. Coaches conveying voters broke down mysteriously. Readers of a Pickwick Magazine recall a crowd, the steam, the fact of the matter, a carriage, a "wheeler" for his "second wheel," and who had been called "a coincidence," while driving a coach load of voters from London to a certain town. The coach was upset several miles from its destination, and the passengers reached the polling booth only after the voting had been closed.

Land's reputation for practical joking at elections is maintained even in these peace days. At the election for the city of Cork in 1885 the contest was between the Parrells and the anti-Parrells. A funny incident happened. The wives of four voters held political views which differed from their husbands'. On the day of the election these four women rose early and left their homes, carrying off every stick of male attire from the house, with the keys, after locking in their sleeping husbands.

But fate was against them. Before the polls closed, the clothesless voters were discovered. Friends wrapped them in blankets and conveyed them in carriages to the polling booths, where they arrived just in time to record their votes.—Youth's Companion.

The Moon's Movements.

The moon is the nearest, and, being the nearest, appears to us, with the single exception of the sun, the largest, although it is in reality one of the smallest of the heavenly bodies. Just as the earth goes round the sun, and the period of revolution constitutes a year, so the moon goes round the earth approximately in the period of one month. But while we turn on our axis every 24 hours, thus causing the alternations of light and darkness, day and night, the moon takes a month to revolve on hers, so that she always presents the same, or very nearly the same, surface to us.—London Echo.

Too Sharp Diet.

Museum Manager.—The sword swallowers seem out of health.

WHAT A DINNER COSTS.

A Curious Calculation, Showing the Cost of an Ordinary Meal. Recently a gentleman who is fond of attributing the name of his mind that he would find out how much of a hoodoo he was, and he asked a local Indian how much of a hoodoo he was. He was told 15 cents.

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HANDY WITH THE SCOOP.

How the Man Running the Mud Digger Helped Out the Man on the Scow. There was a big mud digger at work deepening a ship between two South street wharves, scooping up great quantities of mud and depositing it in a scow alongside. As is always the case, there was more mud slopping over and down, and some had accumulated along the ledge forming the deck of the scow between the edge of the boat and the side of the box.

When the mud digger had cut down to the line where it stood, it was moved for a fresh start, and at the same time the scow alongside was shifted so as to bring an empty bucket within reach of the great scoop. To reach the cleat on the deck of the scow and cast off the hawser and to make it fast again the man on the scow had to walk along the ledge or narrow plank along the side of the box, which was partly covered with mud. To give a safe foothold along there it was necessary first that the mud should be cleaned off. The man on the scow set out to push and sweep the mud off with a broom, and he had made some headway in this when the man in the pilothouse of this mud digger took a hand.

He could handle the great scoop and everything about it to all appearances as easily as a child could handle a toy shovel. He put it just where he wanted it under water, swung it to just where he wanted it in emptying it, and he raised it just enough to clear the edge of the box with certainty, but no more, wasting neither time nor power, but swinging the great shovel around as easily as he swung a broom. And now, while they were shifting the digger, and the man on the scow, in rubber boots, was working toward the cleat to cast off the hawser and shift the scow, the man in the pilothouse of the mud digger swung the great scoop and dropped it into the water until it was just submerged. Then he lifted it and swung it around, low over the narrow deck of the scow and opened it and let out the hog-head of water which it contained. The man in the rubber boots didn't have to sweep any more after that. He just walked forward and cast off the line.—New York Sun.

HABITS OF THE FUR SEAL.

A Sea Animal That Has Many of the Traits of a Sheep.

The fur seal is a land animal of perverted tastes, who, living at sea, has his paws changed into flippers very like the long black kid gloves of a woman. His heart, liver and kidneys are exactly the same as those of a sheep, and just as good to eat, but his flesh, although just like fat mutton to look at, is rank and distasteful from his habit of eating fish. The whole package is put up in a parcel of thick white fat, so that when the seal is skinned from the skin grows a heavy coat of beautiful brown fur, protected with large flat oil bearing hairs, making a glossy surface which slides through the water without friction. Perfectly tenacious, overflowing with fun, a perfect little athlete, marvellously strong, the fur seal is the most delightful of all wild creatures. But, although they live at sea, the seals, being heavily clothed in fat, skin and hair, find the temperate latitudes much too warm for comfort during the summer months. Since they cannot shed their garments like ourselves, they migrate to a subarctic climate, gathering in immense multitudes where there are fisheries to support them. Their ration is 30 pounds of cod every day, which for a creature the size of a sheep is considerable.

When the little pups appear, their mothers go to a fishing to feed them and likewise teach them to swim. The pups howl with fright when first thrown into the water. Now, outside the seal city, with its regular streets and lanes, assemble the young bachelors not yet grown enough for love or war. Here man steps in, driving the poor bachelors away inland to be clabbed for their precious fur.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Peril of Keeping "Tob" on a Man's Fannies.

Mrs. Murkle—Joshua, do you know that you have sworn three times within an hour that six dark frowns have crossed your brow, that you have spoken crossly to the children four times and that you have hitched around in your chair so much that I wouldn't be surprised if the carpet were all worn out under you? Mr. Murkle—Indeed! Well, can you tell me how many nice things I have said to you and the children during the past hour, how often I have laughed, how many words of encouragement I have used, how many twinkles have come into my eyes, and how many minutes I have sat absolutely still?

Mrs. Murkle—I haven't counted them. Mr. Murkle—That's what I thought. Suppose you try looking out for a fellow's good qualities as a rule, instead of his faults. You do that, you'll not have so much time to keep tab on his faults. Mrs. Murkle (beginning to weep)—Joshua, you are not satisfied with me. You wish you were married to some other woman! Mr. Murkle—Dash it! Who could help groaning under such circumstances? I've half a mind to go out and get drunk. Mrs. Murkle—There, now the animal you're gaining full control again. Oh, why did I ever place my fair, sweet young life in the keeping of a brute!

(Curtain.)—Cleveland Leader.

Retired in Bad Order.

Just before the order to advance was to be given the captain of the hardy warriors stepped in front of them and said: "We are now about to go against the famous regiment of amazons of the king of Dahomey." "Hurrah!" yelled the troopers. "I trust you will acquit yourselves well in this emergency," continued the captain. "We will!" they all cried. Then it was that the little man stepped out from the ranks and asked: "With what are they armed?" "Rolling pins," replied the captain. There was a simultaneous movement toward the rear, and a minute later the rout was complete. The captain had forgotten for the moment that his command was composed of married men.—Chicago Post.

A Society of Dogs.

In France there exists an order of merit founded by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of which the members are dogs which have distinguished themselves by deeds of bravery. A tastefully designed "collar of honor" is awarded to the dog considered worthy of distinction. The humming of telegraph wires is a phenomenon which has not been satisfactorily explained. It is not caused by wind, for it is heard during perfect calm. It has been conjectured that changes of temperature, which lighten or loosen the wires, probably produce the sound.

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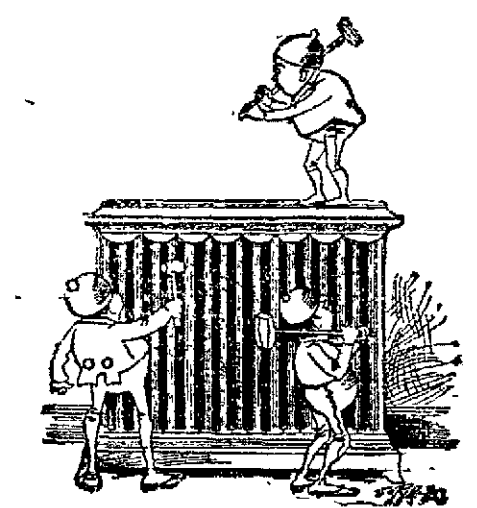
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found on the 5c and
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RANGE OF THE HONEYBEE.

How the Distance Traveled by the Bee
Can Be Determined.

The range of the honeybee is but little
understood by the masses, many supposing
that bees go for miles in quest of nectar,
while others think that they go only a
short distance. It may be curious to many
to understand how any one can tell how
far the bees may fly, but this is simple
when understood. Years ago, when the
Italian bees were first introduced in the
United States, these bees having marks
distinct from the common bees already
there were easily distinguished, and after
any beekeeper had obtained the Italian
bees they could be observed and their
range easily noticed. If bloom is plentiful
close where bees are located, they will not
go very far, perhaps a mile in range, but
if bloom is scarce they may go five miles.
Usually about three miles is as far as they
may go profitably.

Bees have been known to go as far as
eight miles in a straight line, crossing a
body of water that distance to land. It is
wonderful how the little honeybee can go
so far from its home and ever find its way
back to its own particular hive. While the
little bee is in quest of nectar, the hive
should be moved some 10 or 20 feet, ac-
cording to the surroundings, when it
came back to where its home was first lo-
cated it would be hopelessly lost. If its
home was in an open space, with no other
objects close, it might find its way home,
but even should the hive be moved only a
few feet many of the bees would get lost.

So to move a hive, if done in the win-
ter time, it would be all right, but if in
the summer time it should be done after
dark or when the bees are not flying, and
even then the bees should be stirred up
some and smoke blown in at the hive en-
trance, and a board or some object placed
in front of the hive so that the bees in
coming out may mark their new location.
Bees no doubt are guided by sight and also
sense of smell. They are attracted by the
color of bloom, as if they are at work on a
certain kind of bloom they are not likely
to leave that particular kind of bloom for
any other as long as they can find that
kind. Again, bees are often attracted to
sweets by their sense of smell, for they
will go after sweets even if in the dark, if
close. However, any kind of sweets may
be placed in glass in plain sight, but if
covered so as not to emit any smell the
bees will take no notice of it.—Exchange.

WHY HE DIDN'T BID UP.

The Flight of a Man Who Had a Weak-
ness For Auction Sales.

There was a red flag out in front of a
farmhouse up in the Swift river region in
Oxford the other day when Burns was
driving past the place. He can never get
by an auction sale. There is something
about a bargain at vendue that strikes
him just where he lives. So Burns hit
his horse and stopped on the outskirts of
the crowd. He remembered that at the
last auction he attended he bought two
pod augers and an ox yoke, and this time
he stole himself lest he might commit
similar egregiousness. In fact, he con-
cluded that he wouldn't bid at all.

But when the crowd got well waked up
over a Jersey heifer Burns chipped in a
bid or two and finally got to going hard
against a red whiskered man who carried
a whip in his left hand and expectorated
violently after every bid.

As the contest waxed somewhat ener-
getic Burns reached for his pocketbook.
His fingers ran down and down into his
trousers pocket until they slid into a good
big hole. The pocketbook was gone. You
who have found holes in your pockets
where wallets ought to be can, in some
measure, appreciate Burns' feelings.

He stopped bidding, and while the red
whiskered man still expectorated, Burns
was paying down an installment on the
heifer. Burns pushed forward through the crowd
and got the auctioneer's ear. That func-
tionary listened intently. Then he arose
erect once more and in his professional
drone commenced:

"This gentleman informs me that he
has lost a pocketbook containing the sum
of \$200. He offers the sum of \$10 for its
return. Now—"

"I'll give \$30," broke in a voice in the
corner.

"Thirty," cried another.

"Thirty-five," came in determined tones
from the red whiskered man.

"That was beyond what I could afford,"
says Burns, "and so I came away and left
them bidding on it."—Lewiston Journal.

Methods of Sienkiewicz.

To write such books as Sienkiewicz does
without copying or correcting, to create
works like the trilogy and "Quo Vadis?"
by a series of efforts, each of which gives
a finished part, and each part being a
seamless and flawless continuation of the
preceding, till the last, together with all
the others, forms a complete, unbroken
whole, is perhaps the most amazing tour
de force in literary experience. Sienkiewicz
employs no man or woman to help him.
He makes all literary researches
himself, visits and studies the places
which he needs to see and when writing
in Switzerland, Italy, France or other
countries takes with him all the books he
requires and shuts himself in with them
during working hours, which for him are
from 8 or 9 till lunch at 1 o'clock and then
a couple of hours later on. He never
writes after dinner in the evening and has
so ordered his "works and days" that he
needs no assistance.—Jeremiah Curtin in
Century.

It Looked Suspicious.

They were out driving in the mellow
twilight, and their engagement was yet in
its infancy.

"Darling," he said, "you are sure that
I am the first and only man whose lips
have ever come in contact with yours?"

"Of course I am, dearest," she replied.
"You do not doubt my word, do you?"

"No, no, sweetheart," he answered. "I
love you too devotedly for that. But when
I put my arms around you a moment ago
and you made a grab for the lines I could
not help thinking you possessed wonder-
ful intuition."—Chicago News.

Two Blind Chaplains.

It is a coincidence that both the gen-
eral and house of Washington have blind chap-
lains. The Rev. Mr. Milburn is considered
the more distinguished, but Condon of the
House is spoken of as the more eloquent.
Condon is a man powerful in argument
and a friend of the Woman's Christian
Temperance union.

The first mention made of the use of
coal as a fuel is in the records of the ab-
bey of Peterborough in the year 850 A.
D., where is found an entry for 13 car-
loads of "fossil fuel."

Next to our grape wine it is believed that
Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest
alcoholic beverage known to man, its use
in Japan dating back over 2,000 years.

SPOILED HIS STORY.

ZEAL FOR TRUTH THAT WAS A RE-
PORTER'S RUIN.

Why the Enterprising Newspaper Man,
After the "Little Affair" Was Declared
Off, Was Anxious That Somebody Should
Give Him a Kicking.

Newspaper reporters are sometimes
thrown against strange experiences in get-
ting the news that other folk comfortably
read next morning. But, believing him-
self in a fair way to obtain a narrative
which no other news writer is aware of,
the reporter is willing to go sleepless and
foodless and to undergo all kinds of peril
in order that by all means he may get his
piece of exclusive news.

Such a man was Ezra Hemming, who
worked on a western paper and frequen-
tly thrilled his town with startling stories
of fact. Hemming had a reputation for
alertness which was second to none, and
as he had a large circle of friends who
made it their business to inform him of the
most known affairs he was seldom at the
short end of an "exclusive" story. One day
John Boyd, who was the sheriff of the
county, captured a horse thief who was
badly wanted by a community in the
interior of the state. The deputy from the
county the officials of which were after the
thief came down to the metropolis and in
his conversation with Boyd intimated that
there would be a lynch when he got home
with his prisoner. Boyd told Hemming of the
threatening aspect of things, and the reporter had a long talk
with the deputy. To his dismay he learned
that the prisoner would not reach the
rural community which wanted to do
business with him until 2:45 in the morn-
ing, an hour which precluded the possi-
bility of a good story. Hemming was a man
of resources, though, and as there seemed
to be little question of the details of the
coming event he went to the office and
wrote a three column account of the
lynching, mentioning the names of promi-
nent citizens present and adding flourish-
es and ornamentation. To stretch out to
imposing length he caused one man, whom
he was prudent enough to designate as
"unknown," to mount a box and make an
appeal in behalf of the culprit.

"Despite the prayer of Higginson's ten-
der hearted advocate, however," Hemming
wrote, "the farmers who had suffered from
his depredations insisted on wreaking
vengeance." And he went on in that
strain for several pages, making the inter-
cession a strong point.

He explained to Crawford, the city edi-
tor, that there was no doubt of the thing
coming out just as he had written it, but
to be sure he would write a "Yes" or "No"
from the station when his train reached
the town, for he planned to accompany
the deputy.

At 3 o'clock in the morning Crawford
received this jubilant bulletin:

"Big thing. Five hundred people. Mile
or more of rope. Now headed for tall gyro-
mire tree."

And just as the foreman was sending to
the pressroom the page with Hem-
ming's glorious exclusive story, came this
announcement:

"It's all off. They're not going to do
it."

Hemming came back looking like a
madman. For two days he roved around,
stopping at odd times to butt his head
against something hard. At last he was
induced by Crawford to explain.

"When we got there," he said, "it was
a sure thing. They had it all ready and
took Higginson away from the deputy
with a yell. Then I sent my first bulletin.
They rushed him to the gymnasium and were
just about to swing him up when it oc-
curred to me that it would spoil the story
if somebody didn't rise up and make an
appeal for mercy for the thief. I waited,
hoping for the usual intercession, till the
danger line, and then, as nobody else
showed a sign of talking for him, I jump-
ed up on something and started in on it
myself. I just wanted to make the facts
fit the story I had written, so I made the
speech I had attributed to the unknown."

At first they didn't want to listen, but
pretty soon they quieted, and I poured it
in, thinking all the time how lucky I was
to have written the thing. I jumped down
then and stepped aside to let the regular
programme go on. As I did somebody
yelled, 'By thunder! he's right!' and an-
other voice declared, 'It would disgrace
the town, boys!' and a third called, 'Let's
take him back to jail!' and before I knew
it that lot of clumps had turned tail and
rushed my thief, my private horse thief,
my own man, for whom I had spread my
self over three columns, back to the town
again to the jail, where they left him and
dispensed.

"That," said Hemming sadly, "is why
I want somebody to break my head in.
Would you mind kicking me all afternoon
if I pay you for your trouble?"—Chicago
Record.

The Ethics of Book Thieving.

With respect to books, says Herbert
Putnam in The Atlantic, habit, if not
convention, has tended to establish a spe-
cial code of ethics, distinct from that ap-
plicable to ordinary property. It may
be said that the property right in a book
is a limited and provisional right—a right
which continues in the owner only until
it appears that the volume will confer a
greater benefit upon some one else. This
view, which may justify—nay, which to
a sensitive conscience may sorrowfully
compel—the expropriation of a book, does
not necessarily extend to the expropriation
of the contents of a book, and we have it
as a singular contrast that many persons
of repute, who would hold it a theft to
plagiarize other men's ideas, hold it no
more than a plagiarism to steal their
books. In using the term "theft" in con-
nection with books we should therefore
explain that by "theft" we mean no more
than the dispossession of one holder in fa-
vor of another and set apart wholly the
question of moral turpitude in the trans-
action.

Emergency Treatment.

"An accident that often happens in
places where a physician cannot be secured
is a wound that causes some of the in-
ternal organs to protrude," said Dr. A.
C. McGuire in a lecture to a class in "First
aid to the injured." In such an emer-
gency there is no occasion to faint or get
frightened, he thinks. All that needs to
be done is to wash the wound, push the
organs back and put on a bandage. A
few drops of carbolic acid, if it is to be
had, may be added to the water, but plain
water or anything obtainable will do. In
war times milk was often used for the
bathing.—New York Tribune.

A Different Crank.

Tom—I see that Harry has taken out a
patent for a new bicycle crank.
Will—Good! That's what we need.
The present bicycle cranks are becoming
unbearable.—Suggata.

MRS. WELLWOOD'S HEADACHE.

The Secret of a Painful Intermittent
Affliction Made Plain.

"Oh, Henry," sighed Mrs. Wellwood,
"I'm so ill I can't hold up my head! I
wish you had come home earlier. I've
been so lonesome."

"Sorry, my dear," said her fond hus-
band, "but it is so unfortunate that
you're ill tonight. You know we are ex-
pected to be at the church this evening to
help open the annual bazaar. Don't you
think that you'll be better after you've
had a cup of tea?"

"No," the sweet little woman replied.
"The thought of tea is nauseating. There
isn't any use trying to fight it off. I never
get over these attacks inside of 24 hours.
You must write a note to the pastor ex-
plaining our absence. It's too bad, but it
can't be helped."

Mr. Wellwood sat down and looked
thoughtful for a little while. Finally, as
if he had just remembered it, he exclaimed:
"By the way, I got a couple of passes for
the theater tonight. How lucky we are!
I guess I'll go over and give them to
the Brownings. It would be too bad to
waste them."

Just then it was announced that tea was
ready, and Henry Wellwood went down
to the dining room alone. He had got
nearly half through eating when his fair
young wife entered and sat down.

"Why," he said, "I thought you didn't
care to take tea this evening?"

"I feel a good deal better than I did a
little while ago," she replied.

When they had finished tea, he went out
to the hall and began putting on his over-
coat.

"What are you going to do, Henry?"
Mrs. Wellwood inquired.

"I'm going to take these tickets over to
the Brownings."

"Never mind," she said in her sweetest
tones. "We'll use them ourselves. My
headache's almost gone, and I think it will
do me good to get out."

He took off his coat again, and they
went up stairs to get ready.

As Mrs. Wellwood was adjusting her
hat Henry said:

"Darling, will you forgive me if I tell
you something?"

"What is it?" she innocently asked.

"That was just a joke about those
passes. I haven't any, but we can go and
help open the bazaar now that you're bet-
ter."

With a wild cry of distress the wronged
woman threw herself down among the
cushions upon the sofa, and Henry Well-
wood has as yet been unable to convince
her that his only reason for wishing to at-
tend the bazaar was the fact that Mildred
Hazleton, of whose beauty he had once
unguardedly spoken, was to be there in
the character of a gypsy fortune teller.—
Cleveland Leader.

New Jersey's Population.

The national census of 1900 will prob-
ably show a population in New Jersey in
excess of 1,800,000, and this will raise the
number of inhabitants for each member
of assembly to 20,000. The number of
assemblymen cannot exceed 80, but each
county is entitled to have one assembly-
man without regard to population.

There are now seven counties which
have but one member. These are Atlantic,
Cape May, Gloucester, Ocean, Salem,
Somerset and Sussex. There are six coun-
ties with two members each—Bergen, Bur-
lington, Cumberland, Hunterdon, Morris
and Warren. There are five counties with
three members each—Camden, Mercer,
Middlesex, Monmouth and Union—and
one county, Passaic, has four members.

In comparing the growth of the coun-
ties during the last 50 years it becomes prob-
able that all of them except Hunterdon
and Warren will show increase of popula-
tion sufficient to retain their present rep-
resentation. Hudson and Essex will show
growth enough to entitle each of them to
an additional member, and they will gain
at the expense of Hunterdon and Warren,
which will pass into the single member
class.

This gain will give the two large coun-
ties a combined vote of 24, or within seven
of a majority in the house. A union of
Passaic and any one of the three member
counties will give the control of the as-
sembly to the four counties.—Jersey City
Journal.

The Mystery of Gravitation.

When plants are grown in receptacles
fastened to the rim of a rapidly revolving
wheel, the shoots and leaves grow toward
the center and the roots away from the
center of revolution. This is remarkable as
showing the influence of centrifugal mo-
tion upon growth.

But the earth, any point in whose sur-
face at the equator passes through 15 miles
in one minute, has a centrifugal motion
so swift and so great that it is almost in-
conceivable. Why, then, reasoning on the
basis of the facts just stated, do the trees
and plants grow in the directions
they are urged by this centrifugal force—
namely, with leaves and boughs toward
the earth's center and roots pointing to
the sky?

The answer is because there is a force
called gravitation which overpowers the
enormous centrifugal force and practically
reverses it. Whether this overmastering
force which we call gravitation is elec-
trical or what it is no one has yet been
able to discover. There can be no doubt
that it is the greatest force we know of.

To unravel the mystery of it would be to
become masters of a power whose possi-
bilities dazzle the human mind. It would
simply be the problem of building water
towers, navigation, projectiles and many
other branches of mechanics. It would
revolutionize present methods.—St. Louis
Post-Dispatch.

They Smashed the Machinery.

You remember that not so many years
ago a man came here from Germany,
learned at Pittsburgh how to operate Amer-
ican nailmaking machinery, bought a
full set of such machines and moved them
to a place in Silesia, where the production
of nails has been a specialty for genera-
tions.

He had hardly set his machinery in mo-
tion when the inhabitants of the village,
mostly nailmakers, destroyed his factory
and smashed the machinery. The govern-
ment had to pay this manufacturer his
loss, and he at once proceeded to build a
new factory. Now those very nailmakers
who demolished that machinery are work-
ing in that factory and earn twice as much
by attending these machines as they could
possibly earn by the hardest kind of work
as less skill workers.—Guntown Magazine.

His Truth.

Fuddy—I make me tired to hear Wim-
bor beginning a sentence with the words
"To tell the truth." What in time does he
want to say that for?

Daddy—When Wimbor is going to tell
the truth, I think it is a case where it is
highly proper that his hearers should be
informed of the fact.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE BAY.

The sea gulls whiten and dip,
Crying their lonely cry.
At noon in the blue of the bay,
And I hear the slow cars drip
As the fishermen's boat drifts by,
And the cuckoo calls from the hillside far away.

The white birds cry for the foam.
Oh, white birds crying to me,
The cry of my heart ever more,
By the sea shore far over the sea,
I would that my ship went down within
sight of the shore.

—Arthur Symonds in "Amorous Victim."

HER FIRST BARGAIN SALE.

Invested \$14.22 In Flatirons Because They
Sounded Cheap.

Mrs. Newbridge doesn't know much
about housekeeping. She told her hus-
band so before their marriage, but he said,
as men will, that he liked her the better
for it, and she would never have to do any
more than superintend the house anyway.

And so they were married. When they
returned from their trip east, there was a
handsomely furnished house awaiting
them on West Pine boulevard. There was
a cook in the kitchen, a maid in my lady's
chamber, a coachman and a hostler in the
stable and an old negress who came twice
a week to do the laundry work. It was all
new to the little wife, and she took as
much pleasure in it as she did in a new
doll's house when she was a child. She
listened to the cook's complaints and the
suggestions of the housemaid and argued
with the coachman over the care of the
horses.

Mammy Jackson, who did the washing,
was the only one who was almost satis-
fied. She was delighted with the tubs and
cemented floor and half a hundred other
little things, but there was one thing she
didn't like. That was the smoothing irons.
They had detachable handles, were new-
fangled, and she didn't like them.

The day after Mammy Jackson told Mrs.
Newbridge her plaint that little woman
found in one corner of the full page adver-
tisement of a department store a line in
heavy type. It read, "Smoothing irons,
all sizes, 3 cents."

Mrs. Newbridge may not be an expe-
rienced housewife, but she knows a bargain.
So next morning she hid herself to the
store which had advertised. She did not
know what size Mammy Jackson liked,
but they were so cheap she decided to take
several sets. When she purchased a set of
various weights for her mother and an-
other for Aunt Mary. Then she went
home satisfied and jubilant.

Three weeks later her husband opened
his mail at the breakfast table one morn-
ing, and Mrs. Newbridge, who was watch-
ing him, saw a look of surprise cross his
face.

"What's the matter, dear?" she asked.
"Matter? What do you want to do
about it? Aren't I taking care of it?"

"What she said was an item of \$14.22 for
flatirons. She said it was all a mistake;
that she only paid 3 cents apiece for them,
and all that, and it took her husband an
hour to explain that 3 cents was the price
per pound. There is a possibility that she
doesn't understand it yet.—St. Louis Re-
public.

Approachative.

Farmer Cornstossel had chanced upon
the phrase "tout ensemble" in the course
of his reading, and he called his son to his
side. He made him repeat it several times,
listening attentively and with an increas-
ing expression of disquiet on his face.

"It's quite easy after you know how,"
said the young man. "It means—"

"I don't keep anything about the mean-
ing. I just want to hear ye pronounce it once
more."

When his request was complied with, he
exclaimed:

"Josiah, ain't there no other way?"

"None that is correct."

"When ye see 'tout,' ye've gotter say
'tout!'"

"In such cases as this."

"Toujours! My boy don't do it. Don't let
the habit fix on ye."

"Why, father, there is no cause for ap-
prehension."

"Yes, there is. S'posen ye was in the
army."

"I trust that in such a case I would be
a credit to my country and my family."

"An I know ye would ef ye followed
yer natural bent. But s'posen, bein in the
army, ye was to git an order—"

"I would obey it promptly and to the
best of my ability."

"I know ye would, Josiah, barrin mis-
understandin'. But this is the question
that fills me with misgivin'. Ef that
there order was an order to 'scout,' woul-
d ye feel called upon to turn in an scout?"
—Washington Star.

Washington Built For His Brother.

Not far from the village of Charlestown,
W. Va., stands an old homestead which,
from a historical point of view, is pro-
bably the most interesting in that
whole section of country. Harwood, as
it is called, was owned by George Wash-
ington's oldest full brother, Samuel, and
was planned and built under the personal
superintendence of General Washington
himself. According to his suggestion, it
is said, the house was modeled after the
early home of the Washingtons in Sul-
grave, Northamptonshire, England. Gen-
eral Washington not only took much in-
terest in the erection of his brother's
home, but was a frequent visitor there.

At a later date, 16 years before he was
made president of the United States,
James Madison was married in the pa-
rors of Harwood to the dashing Widow
Todd, and under that same hospitable roof
were entertained Louis Philippe and
Count Beaumont, during their sojourn in
this country.—Philadelphia Times.

What Made Him Late.

"Alfred, you are late this evening.
What detained you?"

"Something I ate at a down town res-
taurant disagreed with me. I made a bet
with the proprietor that he was using un-
wholesome chemicals in his cooking, and
in order to prove it on him I had to leave
my stomach at a chemist's shop nearly all
the afternoon. I won the bet, but I am
famously hungry. Have you anything good
to eat, dear?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Tumble From the Sublime.

Young Orator—Even the pearls we
gather from the streams of our country
are heaven born. They are the tears of an-
gels crystallized.

Old Fisher—Hi, there, mister! Can ye
tell me what makes them angels do their
cryin' over plain shelly—

Yes It's Stronger

Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

Sprockets always in line.

Road Racer, \$50-
Track Racer, \$60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the world. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S
BICYCLE STORE,
21 Fleet Street, Portsmouth.



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

now, as we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLED OF ALL KINDS OF
Summer Drinks,

Winger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer
Tonic, Vanilla Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and
Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.
Bottles of Elderberry and Milkshake Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

Get Estimates
FROM THE
HERALD ON
JOB PRINTING.

For neat and attractive printing there is no better place.

S. G.
BEST 10c. CIGAR
In The Market.
S. GRAYMISH, MFG.
Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1901.

CITY BRIEFS

League basketball games in Peirce hall tonight.

Municipal election is less than four weeks away.

There are about seventy-five witnesses for the Knight trial.

Board of trade meeting in the council chamber this evening.

WANTED—General housework girl. Apply at 30 Highland street.

Still the fate of the Maine polo league hangs trembling in the balance.

Nothing new developed in the P. A. C. door plate mystery on Tuesday.

Edward L. Gray is to be interlocutor at the coming P. C. C. minstrel show.

Tuesday evening was a much more disagreeable one than the night before.

The monthly meeting of the board of instruction was held on Tuesday evening.

Tuesday, March 5th, is celebrated in the Jewish calendar as the day of Esther.

The Uncle Tom's Cabin street parade Tuesday noon attracted considerable attention.

The regular monthly meeting of the Portsmouth Cycle club was held on Tuesday evening.

The Dover candle pin bowling team will come to this city next Friday evening, and bowl the local team.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggists.

The department of travel of the Graf-fort club meets this afternoon when Rome will again be considered.

Market and Congress street clerks had lively exercise, clearing snow from the sidewalks Tuesday morning.

The wind on Tuesday evening piled the snow up in high drifts making travel in some places extremely difficult.

The Red Men are selling tickets in their usual quiet way, and are preparing for a large party at their hall, Feb. 8th.

There are on exhibition in Robinson's show window several gold medals won by De Oro, the world's champion pool player.

The next meeting of the Congregational club of New Hampshire will be held in Manchester on Wednesday, Feb. 20th.

Rich, warm, health blood is given by Food's Sarsaparilla and thus coughs, colds, and pneumonia are prevented. Take it now.

Tuesday night would have been a bad one for a fire and Chief Randall took every precaution possible and was ready for any emergency.

Dyspepsia—bane of human existence. Burdock Blood Bitters cures it, promptly, permanently. Regulates and tones the stomach.

A lady in Boston picked up \$500 on Monday morning in front of the new Colonial theatre. How would you like to have "Ben Hur"?

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itching of the skin in any part of the body; Doan's Ointment. At any drug store 50 cents.

The Baptist Missionary society holds its regular monthly meeting in the chapel on State street this Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Coughs and colds, down to the very borderland of consumption, yield to the soothing, healing influences of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Governor Jordan and his council gave a hearing to the claimants of the reward offered by the state for the capture of Max Shimburn, on Tuesday afternoon.

A well known physician stated yesterday that he believed the epidemic of grip in this city was about over although many people were ill at the present time.

At the regular meeting of the Branch Alliance Tuesday afternoon at the chapel on Court street, Rev. Alfred Gooding gave an informal talk on the Cairo exposition.

Everybody Knows About

Pain-Killer

A Household Medicine

A Safe and Sure Cure for

Cramps Coughs Bruises

Dysentery Colds Burns

Sprains and Strains.

Gives instant relief.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are sold by all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., post-paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, six boxes \$2.50.

Another day without a police court.

The storms and rough sea have made it very quiet in shipping circles recently.

The case of a man breaking glass at W. E. Paul's store has been settled out of police court.

There is a growing suspicion that the ground hog did not come out at all on Candlemas day.

The frame of the building for the storage of the patrol wagon and stable for the horse, is up and will soon be boarded in.

The only change in the local retail market report from last week is in the article of fish, there being a drop in the price of some varieties.

The howling wind of the day has made it very disagreeable to be on the streets, and one's face has been liberally plastered with flying snow.

The wind seemed to have little regard for the old adage about "going down with the sun" Tuesday. The evening and night were wild and blinding.

There is a very small amount of floating ice in the river at present, in spite of the fact that it has been cold enough to freeze up the creeks on river.

The scholars in Miss Grace M. Kenison's room at the Haven school will have a mothers' meeting this afternoon, and it is desired that parents will make an effort to be present.

The Portsmouth Athletic club and the Portsmouth Bicycle club have received invitations to attend the annual ball of the Rochester Cycle club in Rochester this week.

The big snow roller from the Jones farm was used by the street commissioner on Tuesday, to roll the snow in the principal streets. It certainly made a big improvement.

After a dull, leaden day, there was a beautiful sunset Tuesday evening, the crimson and golden tints predominating. Long after the sun had sunk below the horizon there was a ribbon-like illumination of the skyline.

ELECTED STATE OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of the state council, Knight of Columbus, at Manchester, on Tuesday, the following state officers were elected:

State chaplain, the Rev. J. B. Delaney of Manchester; state deputy, D. J. Donovan, Concord; state treasurer, J. H. Field, Nashua; state secretary, J. M. Guap, Laconia; state warden, James A. Broderick, Manchester; state auditor, H. T. LeDoux, Nashua; state chancellor, Dr. W. H. Lyons, Portsmouth. The delegates to the National council are State Deputy D. J. Donovan of Concord and Past State Deputy Dr. James Sullivan of Manchester. The alternate delegates are Dr. D. J. McCabe of Berlin and George S. Kirvan of Portsmouth.

Mental Depression

is a frequent and natural result of physical weakness. One of the most distressing ailments is stomach trouble, and thousands might profit by the experience of Mrs. Amelia Allen, of Turin, N. Y.

"For five and a half years I was afflicted with nervous dyspepsia, was compelled to diet myself rigidly and could scarcely keep anything on my stomach. Pimples on the face, loss of sleep and I soon became thin and wasted. I was a mere shadow. I was treated by all the leading physicians in this section of the State, but without permanent benefit. I was so discouraged that I had no faith in any doctor or medicine.

"When a friend, Mrs. George Mott, recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, I had no idea of receiving any benefit from them. I tried them, however, and today I am well, have regained my weight, and am strong and vigorous.

"Altogether I took them about a year and a half and was entirely cured. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

MRS. AMELIA ALLEN.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1901.
A. C. MILLER,
Justice of the Peace.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are sold by all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., post-paid on receipt of price—50c. per box, six boxes \$2.50.

SPORTING NOTES.

The pool cranks are in their element this week.

There is a lull in the storm in base ball circles.

Dartmouth won from Harvard at basket ball, Saturday evening, 28 to 16.

Few basket ball enthusiasts will remain away from the league games this evening.

The Harvard law school hockey team seems to be equally as strong as the varsity seven.

The Co. B—Mapplewood basket ball game this evening will be one of the most interesting games of the season.

Dartmouth now has strong hopes of defeating Yale when the basket ball five of the two colleges come together.

The league basket ball games this evening will be close and interesting, and will bring out a large crowd of spectators.

Co. B. will meet the Unity team, and the Woods Brothers will play the strong Manchester Y. M. C. A. five, in Peirce hall, Saturday evening.

The announcement of the break up of the Maine polo league proved premature. The league appears to rest on a firmer foundation than ever.

Men who study the record of teams decline to the opinion that neither Rochester nor Concord would be able to win from Dartmouth's basket ball team, at the present time.

TO BE HELD IN CLEVELAND.

Grand Army men of this city have been officially notified that the 35th national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held in Cleveland, O., opening Sept. 9, and continuing through the week. The encampment was originally scheduled to be held in Denver, Col., and the change was made through failure to secure railroad rates satisfactory to the members of the order.

A WILD NIGHT.

Tuesday night was a terrific night on the coast and the life-savers' report is as far the worst they have experienced this winter. The biting northwest wind drove the snow and sleet with stinging force, making it almost impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction. Nothing of importance had happened up to midnight, but a sharp lookout was kept and all was in readiness for any emergency.

WILL BE CONFIRMED IN A FEW DAYS.

Naval Constructor F. T. Bowles, U. S. N., will probably be confirmed with in the next ten days as chief of the bureau of construction and repair. He is well qualified for the high position and his friends predict for him a grand record as the head of the most important bureau of the navy.

For Over Fifty Years

Alas, WINDLAW'S SMOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

IN THE LEGISLATURE.

Efforts of the Lawmakers From This Section of the State.

Reports of committees in the senate incorporation—An act to allow the Portsmouth Gas, Electric Light and Power company to convey its property. Favorable, with amendments. Amendments adopted. To third reading.

Special order in the senate:

Senator Leach asked a suspension of the rules to allow of a motion to reconsider the vote whereby the senate voted inexpedient to legislate on the bill relating to the state flower.

Senator Uch took the ground that the reconsideration of the bill is establishing a wrong precedent. He thought there was no evidence that a mistake had been made.

OBITUARY.

Charles Trefethen.

Charles Trefethen, a native of Kittery, died at his home in Manchester Sunday aged seventy-five years. He is survived by a wife, one son, Charles A. Trefethen, and two daughters, Mrs. Celia Hume and Mrs. Edward B. Woodbury, and two grandchildren, Margery S. and Agnes M. Woodbury, all of Manchester; a sister, Mrs. Phoebe C. Pickering of Centre Barnstead; and a half brother, R. Trefethen, of Haverhill, Mass.

Mrs. Catherine S. Robinson.

Mrs. Catherine S. Robinson, one of the city's most respected residents and widow of John S. Robinson, a man once prominent in the affairs of the state and county, died at her home, No. 42 Congress street this morning, aged 81 years, 11 months and 23 days. She was the daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Treadwell and is survived by a brother, former City Treasurer Samuel Treadwell. She was a life-long resident of the city.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Haley is ill at her home on New Castle avenue.

Judge Calvin Page passed Tuesday in Boston on business.

Mrs. John Johnson of Lovell street is ill with the gripe.

Louise Rider of Hampton is the guest of relatives in this city.

Mrs. F. S. Towle of State street is visiting friends in Boston.

John C. Roberts of Boston was in town on business Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas Mulcahey of Deer street passed Tuesday in Boston.

Mr. A. C. Plummer, clerk at G. T. Vaughan's, is sick with the grip.

Mrs. Frank B. Babier of Skowhegan, Me., is visiting relatives in this city.

Miss Helen Pearson of Broad street is passing the week with friends in Boston.

Mrs. Jefferson C. Rowe of Union street, is improving after a serious illness.

Police Officer Jacob Burns has a comfortable day Tuesday and is slightly improved.

S. P. Emery, Esq., was in Exeter Tuesday on business connected with the Judson case.

Miss Bernice Tilton of Raymond is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Lance in town for a few days.

Mr. Robert Marshall Brown, formerly principal of the High school, is a visitor in town for the remainder of the week.

The many friends of Chas. Sides, the veteran huckster, of Cabot street, will be pained to hear that he is in a critical condition.

Ernest A. Collins of Seabrook is passing a few days in this city the guest of his uncle, Theodore H. Deverson of New Castle avenue.

Draftsman Edwin Balch, of the United States engineer office on Bow street, is confined to his home on Middle street by an attack of the gripe.

Judge Samuel W. Emery was in Concord on Tuesday on legal business in connection with the hearing on the Black Rock and Salisbury beach railroad.

Miss Georgia Webster of Cabot street, and Miss May Philbrook of Lincoln avenue, left on Tuesday afternoon for Boston and New York, where they will visit friends.

Special Agent Robert E. Hodgkins, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, passed Tuesday in Concord, where he prosecuted a couple of parties for abuse to cattle and horses.

Eugene W. H. Hansen and Lieut. Roberts, who have had charge of the Salvation army work in this city for several months, left for Lewiston on Tuesday where they have been assigned to work.

Rev. Father Finnegan, who is to succeed Very Reverend E. M. O'Callaghan in the pastorate of the Catholic church, was in this city on Tuesday, and called at the Parochial rectory. Father Finnegan will take his position in a week or so.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, Feb. 6.—Tug Tivlis, Philadelphia, towing barge Suffolk.

Sailed, Feb. 6.—Barge G. R. R. of New Jersey, No. 14, Port Johnson, in tow; tug Georges Creek, Baltimore.

It is reported very rough outside the harbor, but an off shore wind is leveling the sea.

MONEY

GAS BILLS REDUCED 25 to 50 Per Cent.

Guaranteed Saving By attaching to any Gas Meter

THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC

GAS SAVING GOVERNOR

INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY. STADIER FLAME. SECURITY AGAINST FIRE. INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOSES.

Marvelous Sanitary Effects.

No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gases. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoked up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.

Practical Economy.

You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.

Reliable and Durable.

And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out. No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere.

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments.

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from **25 to 50 PER CENT** monthly on all Gas Bills.

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from **\$15.00 to \$400.** according to size of meter and number of lights.

THE GAS TIP REGULATOR

Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from 30 to 60 per cent on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. Price, 25 cents each. \$2.50 per dozen. Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

INTERNATIONAL GAS SAVING MAN'G CO.
126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

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ORDERS TO BUILD FERRY STEAMER.

\$17,000 Order For Navy Yard.

Orders have been issued by Rear Admiral Hiebhorn, U. S. N., to build a sixty six foot ferry for use at the Newport training station.

The cost of the ferry will figure \$17,000 and it must be completed within one year. The ferry will be similar to the one now in use at this navy yard, and it will be equipped with the latest machinery.

MARDI GRAS, NEW ORLEANS, FEBRUARY 18, 1901.

The Southern railway will sell for this occasion round trip tickets, Washington to New Orleans, at one fare for the trip. Tickets on sale February 12th to 18th, good to return until March 7th. Three daily trains, New York to New Orleans. Only line operating through Pullman and dining cars. For full particulars apply to Geo. C. Daniels, N. E. P. A., 238 Washington street, Boston.

BOARD OF INSTRUCTION.

The regular monthly meeting of the board of instruction was held in the city rooms on Tuesday evening, with a majority of the members present.

The committee appointed to consider the matter of a new high school building reported progress. The members have together carefully canvassed the situation and are unanimously in favor of recommending such action by the proper authorities as will at an early date provide the city with a suitable high school building. A full report will be submitted at the March meeting.

Permission was granted to Superintendent of Schools H. C. Morrison to attend the meeting of the department of superintendence of the National Educational association to be held in Chicago the last week in February.

The regular routine business was transacted and the meeting then adjourned.

FOR OLD AGE

To the old, as to babies, the even balance of health is more important than anything else in the world. The possible health, in age, is not high and strong; it is only even.

There is no end, but death, to the trouble that comes of its loss.

It ought to be watched like a baby's.

Their future is short; but oh how it turns on comfort! on whether the wrinkles are wrinkles of pain or of long serene enjoyment!

Scott's emulsion of cod-liver oil—for very old and very young in different ways—is the food to secure this even condition of health.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl street, New York.

THE FLAG GOES UP

In many strange and remote places now today. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW PRICES in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction, and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices than ever before.

JAS. HAUGH
20 High Street.

NOW

Is the time to inspect the samples of

FALL and WINTER CLOTHING

I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from \$15.00 up and pants from \$4.00 up.

CLEANING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

OLEARY, THE TAILOR,
5 Bridge Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

R. H. HALL
Hanover Street near "dark".

PILES

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

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For sale by George Hall, Druggist.